1505/80(3.)

A

LETTER

FROM A

QUAKER

At *Aylesbury* in *Buckinghamſhire*,

TO

PHILIP,

Duke of *Wh——n*,

At *Madrid* in *SPAIN*.

LONDON:

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A

LETTER

From one of the PEOPLE call'd

QUAKERS

To one of the Great Men called

Duke of *Wh——n.*

Friend PHILIP,

MARVEL not at what I ſhall ſay unto thee, for long hath my Soul been ſore troubled at thine Iniquities and Backſlidings. Thou haſt trod in the Paths of Unrighteouſneſs, and departed from the Ways of Truth, in which thy Forefathers did walk uprightly; wherefore do I rebuke thee. Thou did'ſt forſake the Law of thy Mother, and deſpiſe the Counſel of thy Father; for when he bade thee take to Wife a Daughter of the Houſe of *Joſhua*, thou did'ſt rebel, ſpit in his Face, and thou broughteſt his Grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave, for which the Land mourned, becauſe he had done that which

which was right in the Sight of the People, and was therefore beloved of them; yet was thine Horn exalted, becauſe thou cameſt forth of his Loins: For the Ruler of the Land raiſed thee to be one of the Chiefs of the People, and thou waſt Mighty amongſt Men. But following the wicked Devices of thine own Heart, thy Subſtance was ſoon waſted with riotous Living, and thy Goods became a Prey to Strangers; at which *Francis*, and other Extortioners, rejoiced exceedingly, becauſe they had gotten great Part of thine Inheritance.

Friend *Adoniram* ſtill cheriſh'd and comforted thee, but thou did'ſt with him deal craftily, returning Evil for Good; and becauſe he could not be *pouring Water into a Sieve*, thou wenteſt forth into *Jeruſalem*, and did'ſt there join thyſelf unto certain *Elders* of the People, and to the *Levites*, and to mean *Craftſmen*, ſaying, *Let us take Counſel together againſt the Rulers of the Land, for they have not done righteous Things in* Iſrael. *And as Owls ſee the worſt at Sunſhine*, Numbers gather'd together unto thee: Then Woe unto the Wives and Daughters of *Jeruſalem*, for thou did'ſt deal *deceitful Meaſure* unto them.

Neither did'ſt thou cheriſh the Wife of thy Boſom as thou oughteſt to have done, but did'ſt ſpend thy Hours in the Chambers of Wantonneſs, with ſtrange Women; yea, it hath been affirm'd to the Brethren that thou haſt been within the Gates of *Babylon*, and there revell'd in the Embraces of the *Scarlet Whore*. Thy Harlots weep becauſe thou ſojourneſt in a Foreign Land, and can'ſt be with them no more.

When thou waſt exhorted to leave the Dwellings of *Kedar*, and return in Peace to *Canaan*, thou hearkened'ſt not unto the Voice of the Servant of the Lord's Anointed, but turned'ſt thy Face from him; ſaying, *I know thee not:* Wherefore will the Day come when thou would'ſt gladly lay hold of that ſaving Grace which was offer'd unto thee; for behold it will come to paſs, that thy Name ſhall be blotted out of the Book of the Chiefs of *Iſrael*; then wilt thou repent of the Evil that is come upon thee, and ſay, *Lo it was of mine own ſeeking, mine own Rod ſcourgeth me, and I am not worthy of Men.*

The filthy Letter thou wroteſt unto *Caiaphas* ſheweth that thy Heart is filled with the Abominations of the Wicked.

But why did'ſt thou endeavour to ſtir up King *Nebuchadnezzar* to make War againſt *Iſrael*, and counſel him to ſend forth Ships to bring the Treaſure of the *Eaſt* to his People, when thou knoweſt it doth of Right appertain only unto *Iſrael*.

Moreover, thou haſt joined thyſelf unto the Vagabonds and Fugitives of the Earth, and ye have conſpir'd together; which ſheweth that neither thine *Heart* nor thine *Head* are given to *Uprightneſs*, but that thou *waxeſt* ſtrong in Wickedneſs.

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When the chief Ruler of *Iſrael* ſhall ſend forth his mighty Hoſts, his Chariots, and his Horſemen, then will the Enemies of *Jeruſalem* be ſmitten with the Edge of the Sword; then ſhall the Princes of the Earth tremble, and thy Soul be ſorely diſmay'd, and ſay, *The Evil is come upon thee.*

Friend *Philip*, I am under an Oppreſſion of Spirit while I am thus writing to you; yea, my Hand trembleth, being ſenſible that there are many beſides thee and Friend *James* that have left their firſt Love, and have fallen from a State of Purity, which once they were Poſſeſſors of, and are come to be like the Prodigal Son, *who receiv'd his Portion from his Father, and took his Journey into a far Country, and there waſted his Subſtance with riotous Living.* Oh! how glad ſhould my Soul be that ſome of theſe Prodigals might be awaken'd, that they might remember from whence they are fallen, and call to Mind how it was with them when they were in their Father's Houſe, when they were fed at their Father's Table! Oh! my Soul is grieved with a Senſe of their woeful Condition, in a Senſe of that Famine that is come over them, in a Senſe of that Darkneſs, and Deadneſs, and Barrenneſs that is come over their mean ſpirited Souls! Oh! that they might be awaken'd, that they might come to themſelves, as the Prodigal Son did!

But I fear it is not Huſks that will ſatisfy either thine or his hungry Soul; yet may ye both awake and come to yourſelves, and repent and mourn for your Sin, and lament, and grieve, and mourn over him whom ye have pierced with your Tranſgreſſions, and then will ye take up a Reſolution with the Prodigal.

Zadok is return'd from the Counſels of the Wicked, and hath found Favour in the Sight of our Lord the King, and *Ahiah* flouriſheth, dwelling in Peace and Plenty, neither are his Tranſgreſſions remembred amongſt the People, becauſe he wiſely departed from *him* who pretendeth he hath Right to bare Rule over *Iſrael.* I know thou haſt fooliſhly ſaid in the Malice of thine Heart, that *Benaiah* ſleepeth with the Fathers, and there are none to lead forth the People to Battle; yea in this thy Craft will alſo deceive thee, for behold the Sword ſhall be put into the Hands of him who ſhall avenge the Wrongs of the People.

Thoſe that had Dealings with thee, their Hearts are ſore troubled, becauſe of thy Unrighteouſneſs to them; Sorrow hath over-whelmed them, and they cry, *He hath left us in the Lurch, he is as a broken Reed, and will be with us no mo.* Yet would Grace and Lenity conquer thee, my Heart would rejoice exceedingly; then would'ſt thou be unto me as the young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices, for my Soul ſtill loveth thee becauſe thy Forefathers were Righteous, and a grateful Remembrance is ſtill had of them. Therefore repent of thy Wickedneſs before it be too late, return to the Paths of Truth, forſake thy

thy Evil Companions, and throw thyſelf at the Feet of him whom thou haſt offended, him whom thou well knoweſt, whoſe Mercy foregoeth his Juſtice, and which is the brighteſt Diadem in the Crow.. he weareth; lay theſe Sayings unto thine Heart, let that be ſmitten, and deſpiſe not him that chaſteneth thee.

It is reported that thou vain-glorieth mightily becauſe of thy human Learning, and can'ſt ſpeak in the Language of the Beaſt; and Men moreover ſay, thou haſt Wiſdom in abundance; but, Friend *Philip*, remember that all thy Wiſdom hath hitherto been Fooliſhneſs, and that the true Wiſdom reſteth not in thee.

The Friends of this Place grieve to hear it read daily of thee, that thou art aſſociated unto Idolaters, and roveſt from Place to Place amidſt them, to behold their Abominations. When wilt thine Eyes be tired with theſe Things, when wilt thou forſake them and return to thyſelf. The Wife of thy Boſom ſleepeth, and ſome have ſaid that thou art going in unto the Queen of the *North*. Lo could thy Father but look from the Grave and behold thee in thy preſent Situation! he that had laboured all his Days to ſerve the People, and took Pain and Sorrow to himſelf for them, and prevented the Return of Idolatry amongſt them; Oh! how my Soul waileth his Memory, and mine Eyes weep for thy Errors! I can ſay no more, ſo I bid thee farewell.

From my Habitation in the Place called *Ayleſbury*, the 4th Day of the 2d Week in the Moon of what Men call *July*.

OBADIAH SORROW.